

2

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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THE COURAGE AND TRUTH OF JESUS.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

THE courage and truth of Jesus were sometimes tried more severely than by opposition and persecution; he was called upon to speak painful truth to those who honored him, and were ready to love him, and who came to him with a docile and teachable mind.

It is related in the gospel of St. John that a man named Nicodemus, one of the Pharisees, a ruler of the Jews, visited Jesus by night, that he called him Rabbi, which means master, and that he declared to him his conviction that he was indeed a teacher come from God. We know that Jesus often had not where to lay his head, and his resting place on this night when the Jewish ruler came to see him, may have been under some tree, if not, it doubtless was in some very humble dwelling: it may be that in the deep repose of night he was enjoying that communion with the Father, by which his soul was

refreshed and invigorated for the great work that was before him; or perhaps his heart was for a moment saddened by the thought of his loneliness in this world, of the cruelty and ingratitude he would meet with from those whom he longed to bless and to save.

Now, try if possible, to bring before your mind's eye the image of the heavenly Jesus in this solitary hour of night, and think of the cheering influence of this visit from a man who belonged to the class of people whom he had been accusing of hypocrisy, and all kinds of wickedness, whom he had compared to serpents, and upon whom he had pronounced woe and punishment. Here he stands, the proud pharisee, the powerful ruler, the favorite of the world, before the simple lonely peasant, the persecuted, the deserted Jesus, and humbles himself before him, and calls him master, and acknowledges him to be a divinely commissioned messenger of the Most High. Must not the heart of Jesus have been melted with tender love, and pity towards a man who could give such a proof of his desire to render homage to excellence, and to learn the will of God, and the way to eternal life? How painful it must have been to his tender nature, to have met the advances of Nicodemus with rebuke! Doubtless Jesus desired sympathy, and his heart longed for friendship. Here was an opportunity for him to secure the support of one, whose aid would be of the utmost importance to him, and one too, whose aspirations were high, who desired perfection, who believed in his heavenly mission. What did Jesus say to the Jewish Ruler? did he say aught to flatter his self-love? did he hold back or qualify the truth? No! his pure and far-seeing eye perceived the tender spot in the moral nature of Nicodemus: he saw that he had not

courage enough to be his follower : he had come to him by night when no one saw him : he feared to have the world see him visit the lowly Nazarene.

For a pharisee to become a follower of Jesus, and to be worthy of eternal life, he must become a new creature, he must be born into a new spiritual existence, he must have a new heart, and a new mind. Jesus declared this to the proud ruler who had humbled himself before him ; he told him that unless a man was born again, created anew in the spirit of God, he could not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

Had Nicodemus been conscious of this complete change of mind and heart which Jesus required, he would have visited him in the day time, and openly befriended him ; but he felt the truth of his words, and so he quibbled at them, and tried to evade their true meaning. Jesus reasoned with the timid Pharisee, and tried to awaken what was noble in his nature ; he told him the purpose of his mission, that it was to save the world that he came, that whoever truly believed in his words should have everlasting life : he mingled rebuke with his instruction, he reminded him that those only whose deeds were evil chose darkness, but that the followers of truth preferred the light.

What fidelity to truth must it have required in Jesus to say these painful things to the man who came to him under such circumstances ! who is there among the disciples of Jesus that can imitate it ?

It is not related what effect the words of our Savior had upon Nicodemus ; but in another part of the same gospel he appears as his advocate when the Pharisees were making efforts to destroy Jesus ; but as soon as he is ac-

cused of being his follower, he is silent, and goes away with the others. We hear of him again after the death of Jesus assisting in embalming his body, and performing the funeral rites, to him whom he believed the inspired messenger from God, but whom he dared not openly befriend during his lifetime. Death, that eloquent vindicator of truth, had disarmed his enemies, and roused the slumbering conscience of Nicodemus, and he ventured to render to the dead body of Jesus that public homage which, if it had been bestowed upon the living spirit, might perhaps have saved him from his cruel death. How does the moral courage and truth of Jesus contrast with the cowardice and faithlessness of the kind hearted but weak pharisee !

We find another affecting instance of the moral courage and truth of Jesus, in the way he received the young man who came running to him and knelt to him, and called him Good Master, and asked him what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus first reprov'd the young man for worshipping him, and told him that there was but one true object of worship, and that was God : and in answer to his question, he told him that he knew all the commandments, and enumerated some of them, and when the young man replied that he had kept all these from his youth upwards, it is said that "Jesus loved him," and you feel, in reading the account, that he was unwilling to give pain to the aspiring heart of him, who had come to him with so much love and trust : but he was still faithful to truth ; he repressed his tenderness, and uttered the severe sentence which was to drive the young man away from his feet, and from the arms of his love. "One thing thou lackest," he said to him, "Go thy way, and sell whatso-

ever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come take up the cross and follow me."

And he was sad at the saying, and went away grieved ; for he had great possessions."

We have seen Jesus calm, and courageous, and true, in the midst of his enemies, not only those of his foes among the rich and powerful, but the ignorant multitude, who were ready to tear him to pieces, for venturing to rebuke their sins, their cruel prejudices, their evil passions ; and we have seen him faithful, when he found himself the object of that irrepressible love, and reverence, which truly noble souls cannot help rendering to greatness and goodness ; when, in order to be true, he was forced to crucify his own affections : in both cases we hear him uttering the truth, without fear of danger, without hope of favor, and in spite of the pleadings of his own heart. We have dwelt on only a few instances of the truth and courage of Jesus : as we approach the end of his earthly existence we are more and more impressed with his moral heroism ; he tells Judas that he is a murderer, Peter that he will deny him ; he stands calm and unmoved before Pilate and the savage multitude, and utters before them no expression of fear, no word that can be construed into a denial of his divine mission.

The more we study the life of Jesus the better we shall understand what constitutes the true hero, and if we do it as humble learners, it will kindle within us a divine ambition to imitate his courage and truth.

E. L. F.

CAROLINE'S LETTER TO HER SISTER.

DEAR SISTER MELANIE :—I promised to write you from our dear School, which we have named Franklin Home. Fred proposed to call it Franklin Grove, which we all liked vastly, but Mr. Elmore is so kind, and fatherly, and brotherly, *and motherly*, that I insisted on calling the place *Home*, and it was so named without one dissenting voice. But Fred plagued me a little about *Queenly influence*. He says women and little girls even, often decide great things without knowing it. I am sure if I ever do any thing great, I shall never know it. One thing I know, I have done wrong since I came here, but I have undone it as far as I could, and when I have made my confession to my own dear Melanie, I am sure I shall feel quite happy.

Dear Miss Elmore, Mr. Elmore's sister, who cares for us all, told us one Wednesday morning that we might go into the grove and make merry, as it was holiday. There was a new scholar just come, named Sarah Cram, an odd looking girl about ten years old. She has very red eyes often, from studying too much, and weeping too, and a large nose, and very light flaxen hair. She walks with a stoop, and is afraid of every body : I never saw such a bashful girl. Well, we got our dolls, and a great many things, and the older boys and girls arranged a Pic Nic, and we all set out. Miss Elmore asked me to look after the odd girl, with the odd name, but I could not bear the sight of her ugly frock, and ugly face, and so I darted off with the other girls, and brother Fred, and soon forgot my charge. Half an hour afterward, as we were getting near the

Bower, the place for the Pic Nic, where the tables were to be laid, and toasts drank in lemonade, and speeches made by dear Mr. Elmore, (who I am sure never did an unkind thing in his life) and some other gentlemen, I be-thought me of poor little fright. Oh! I felt so sad, and unhappy that I could not go another step. So I hastened back, and after searching a good while, I found poor Sarah sitting alone under a tree, weeping as if her heart would break. My heart ached to see her. I really believe I felt worse than she did. "Dear Sarah," said I, "do forgive me and go with me to the Bower. I can never forgive myself for treating you so unkindly." Sarah wiped her eyes and kissed me tenderly. We went to the Bower and I showed her all the arrangements. There was the Pulpit for the Speakers, which was a bench surrounded, except in front, by trees which were hung with flowers and festoons. Then there was the "Questioner's Hall," which was a large area, with benches for the gentlemen and ladies to sit and receive the children, and ask them questions about what they had learned. In the centre was a great arm chair, which the boys made with only a hatchet and hammer, and a few nails. Governor L. was to sit in this chair, on his right was placed a seat for Judge B. and on his left one for the Rev. Mr. C. Sarah was delighted with my attention. It did my heart good to make her happy, and timid as she is, she was happy in right earnest. I believe people who can be very miserable, can always be very happy if they have the chance. Well, we enjoyed ourselves greatly till afternoon came, though Lizzy North and Mary Ann Bell sneered at Sarah several times, and called her my *protegee*. At last, dinner, or more properly supper, was over, and we all

went to "Questioner's Hall." O how my heart beat. I could not have answered a question for my life, had it not been for Sarah. She calmly and sweetly helped me out of every difficulty. When her turn came, she answered every question as if she had been a lawyer or a minister. All her bashfulness seemed gone, till Governor L. called her to him, and took her on his knee, and put an oak-leaf crown on her head, then she seemed very much frightened. Judge B. took a good deal of notice of her and asked after her father. This brightened her face, and before all was over she looked really pretty to me, and I felt not only pleased, but shall I confess it, a little proud that I had acted rightly by her.

I felt very sad when I came home, and Miss Elmore thanked me for taking care of Sarah and told me that she would be a great help to me in my studies, and that she was a very dear child to those who understood her. I told Miss Elmore candidly just how I had behaved and how sorry I was for it. She kissed me for making the confession, and told me that she loved me very much for my candour. She gave me much good counsel, and told me I must never judge by appearances, "for," said she, "the sweet chesnut grows in an ugly burr." Every day since the Pic Nic, I have studied with Sarah. She is the dearest girl and the merriest girl I ever saw, and I am sure she will be handsome soon. She always welcomes a new scholar so kindly that they are happy at once. She never teazes any body, like Lizzy North, and she always comforts us when Lizzy torments us, or else turns it all into sport. One thing is certain; no one can ever tease her; she has such irresistible good nature, and takes all so quietly and happily. She is the light of the school room, and the joy

of Franklin Home. So much for odd little Sarah Cram, and it is all true, sister mine. But I shall not have this letter named after the man whom you used to call interminable, because he told such long stories, and so Good Night dear Melanie. Your Affectionate Caroline. M. S. G.

CHILDREN'S FALLACIES.

BY MRS. C. SEDGWICK.

CHARLES LAMB has written an essay, entitled Popular Fallacies, but I do not think that he has enumerated any of those that belong peculiarly to children, or quite young people.

Children who study Latin will be at no loss as to the meaning of the phrase, Popular Fallacies. The Latin word *populus*, means people; of course that is called popular which is believed, admired, or acquiesced in, by the people generally. The Latin word *fallacia*, means sophism, or deceit, and more commonly, perhaps, a false or mistaken notion. Now then, for some of children's fallacies.

And first, I have often heard them exclaim, "Oh, dear! I have not any time to myself." In their apprehension, no time is strictly their own, except that spent in play, or in doing nothing. This is just about as wise and reasonable as if a man should count as nothing, warm clothing, wholesome provisions, and other comfortable means of living, and because he could not purchase wine, and other luxuries, should say, "Oh! dear! I have no money to myself;" or, being able to purchase them, should

reckon, in his accounts, only the money expended for such articles, and consider all the rest as so much loss.

The "time to play" has its own essential value, and has been placed, by the wise man, among the other "times" of his long enumeration. But pray, my dear boys and girls, don't allow yourselves to think that it is the best "time" of all, or the only time strictly your own; for He who made you, says, He shall require you to give an account of the *whole* time of your lives; and surely, He would not make you responsible for that which does not belong to you.

Another of your fallacies is, that of supposing that what is manly or womanly can be cut out of cloth, or leather, &c.; in other words, that clothes, made in the fashion of those worn by men and women, will give some additional consequence to the young who assume them. I knew a *very* little boy, who took great satisfaction in having loops sewed to his socks, so that he might draw them on, as boots are drawn; and the eagerness so commonly displayed by children still young, to assume the vest, the cravat, boots, et cetera, or frills and long skirts, is hardly less *childish*. Thus they show their childishness in their very attempts to be manly.

This, however, would be a matter of very little consequence, if they were not apt to lose sight, in this way, of the essential attributes of manliness. To be manly, is to "dare to *do*," not to *wear* "all that may become a man." I will give you my idea of what it is for a boy to be manly, by two or three illustrations.

A boy of six years old, was required by his father, to bring the cows home every night. One dark, rainy evening, in the autumn, just as the family had settled them-

selves to their accustomed occupations, about a bright, cheerful fire, the father asked, "Did you bring the cows home, my son?" "Yes, sir," he replied; adding after a moment's hesitation, "but I did not put up the bars." "Then, go directly back again, and put them up." It was manly in this boy to confess his omission, at the expense which he foresaw, of a dismal trudge through the rain and darkness to repair it.

I knew another boy, of nine years old, who mounted, one day, in his father's yard, a very spirited horse, and was thrown almost immediately. His father stood by, looking through a window, but did not interfere, when he saw his son preparing to mount a second time. He was thrown a second time. "Thrown again, my boy?" he exclaimed. "Yes, Sir; but I'll conquer him yet." A third time the boy mounted, and then made good his word, the horse yielding to him completely. *This* was a manly boy.

Of another, twelve years old, it was told me, that being at a large school in one of our cities, he was visited in his room, one day, by two young men, half a dozen years older than himself, who used very profane language. After bearing for some time, what was highly offensive to him, he said, "Gentlemen, you must be so good as to abstain from this language, or leave my room." They submitted to the rebuke, and remained. *This* was a still higher kind of manliness.

It was true of another boy, not so old as this, who had long been afflicted with a diseased and helpless leg, that being told, one Sunday morning, of his surgeon's decision to amputate it, he said, "Then I will have it done immediately, before mother comes home from

Church, that she need not know any thing about it;" and it was done immediately.

I will give but one example more. Some boys at school, were required to do a certain task in Algebra, out of school, every week. They were allowed to be helped a *little*, the master taking pains to ascertain, by occasional examinations, whether they understood the sums that they accomplished, from time to time. One of them would not be helped, because he said there was more advantage and more satisfaction in working out all for himself. To do this, and keep up with the other boys, a good deal of play-time had to be sacrificed; but he persevered. A prize was to be given to him, who, in the course of the term, should accomplish more than any other boy, over and above the task. Of course, this was *not* my hero. The class generally, thought him deserving of it, and wished to inform the master that he had no help; but he said, no, for it was fair that the prize should be adjudged in strict conformity with the conditions upon which it had been promised. He was manly enough to value actual benefit more than reward or praise.

If you consider these as fair illustrations of my subject, you will admit that the manliness exhibited by these boys could in no case have been enhanced by any fashion of garments; possibly you will acknowledge that not even the glorious achievement of smoking cigars, or chewing tobacco, of which boys, most unfortunately for themselves, are often emulous, could have added to the effect of their conduct.

I beg you to observe that the terms, man and woman, manly and womanly, in their proper and full import, convey far more than those of gentleman and lady, gentle-

manly and lady-like. A true man, and a true woman, will be gentlemanly and lady-like, and a great deal more, besides. There are men, and there are so-called gentlemen, who have little or nothing that is manly, about them. I am sorry, that in our republican nation, the terms, gentlemen and ladies, should be adopted in preference to the more christian, the nobler epithets, of men and women.

I have heard very careless children, such as are forever at a loss where to find their books, their work, their playthings, their articles of apparel, say, "Oh dear! I never saw such a house as this; I can't keep any thing in it."

The Jews had their scape-goat, whom they verily believed scampered off into the wilderness, with all their sins upon him; and Mr. Catlin says that the Indians, who, as perhaps you know, are believed by many to be remnants of the ten tribes, retain a similar custom; that is, at some of their festivals, not a goat, but a man, comes suddenly among them, to whom, by certain motions of their hand, they transfer all their sins; after which, he escapes to the wilderness whence he had emerged. But no *scape-house* was ever heard of, I fancy, except as the invention of children driven to extremity, by desperate carelessness. A child might as well say, "I never saw such a shelf as this is; one cannot possibly learn a good lesson out of a book that has lain upon it." Or, "I never saw so badly a built school-room as this. I cannot possibly keep my temper in it."

There are certain fallacies peculiar to children at school, which will, I think, require no comment, to show their folly. A distinct, specific enumeration, will reveal it sufficiently.

No. 1. That recitation is not a *means*, but an *end*. That is, that a good recitation, and not increase of knowledge, is the object of a lesson.

No. 2. That a good lesson is a favor done to one's teacher, instead of to one's self.

No. 3. That a teacher who is faithful, pains-taking, and rather than put up with poor lessons, because very injurious to the scholar, will go through the tedious process of hearing them over and over again, is strict, hard, cruel, in short, an enemy.

No. 4. That a teacher, who, from indolence, and want of principle, is slack and remiss in his requirements, thus allowing his pupils what they call an easy time, is "capital."

No. 5. That every lesson avoided, and every hour saved out of school, is so much clear gain.

No. 6. That a teacher, who, being endowed by God, with moral sense to "discern good and evil," cannot help regarding, with more approbation, a scholar whose conduct and scholarship are unexceptionable, than one who is ill-behaved and indolent, is therefore, *partial*.

No. 7. That if a child does wrong in school, it is not himself, but the teacher, with whom he is to be angry.

PARABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM KEUMACHER.

THE angel of sleep and the angel of death were wandering over the earth, in brotherly union.

Evening approached: they rested on a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A solemn stillness prevailed around; the evening bell in the distant village was silent.

In silence and stillness, as is their wont, sat the two beneficent Genii of humanity, tenderly embracing; and now night drew near. Then the angel of sleep raised himself from his mossy couch, and scattered with noiseless hand, the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening winds bore them to the silent dwelling of the weary husbandman.

Then gentle sleep came over the inhabitants of the cottages, from the old man who leans on his staff, to the infant in the cradle. The sick man forgot his pain, the sorrowing his grief, and poverty its cares. All eyes were closed.

Now when his work was done, the kind angel of slumber lay down again, by the side of his sad brother. "When the morning dawn awakens," cried he, in his happy innocence; "then mankind will praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh, how joyful to do good unseen, and in secret! How happy are we invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How blessed our silent office!"

Thus spoke the benevolent angel of sleep.

The angel of death looked at him with silent sadness, and a tear such as the immortals weep, came into his great, dark eyes. "Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like you, rejoice with grateful thanks; all the earth calls me her enemy, and the destroyer of her peace!"

"Oh, my brother!" exclaimed the angel of sleep, "will not the good man, when he awakes forever, also recognize in thee his friend and benefactor, and thank-

fully bless thee? Are we not brothers? Both messengers of our Father?"

Thus he spake, and the eye of the death angel gleamed, and the brother Genii embraced each other with new tenderness.

J. E. C.

SPEAK LORD! THY SERVANT HEARETH THEE.

WHEN Samuel heard, in still midnight,
A voice amid God's presence bright,
He rose, and said, on bended knee,
"Speak Lord! thy servant heareth thee."

E'en such a voice I too may hear,
E'en such a light my soul may cheer;
For wisdom's words by God were given,
And reason is a ray from heaven.

Then will I feed this sacred fire;
For wisdom's precepts still enquire.
Still pray, from pride and folly free,
"Speak! for thy servant heareth thee."

But not alone within his hall
Shall my hushed soul attend his call;
He whispers from the woods at noon,
And calls me forth beneath the moon.

His voice shall drown the hum of men,
And echo from the deep again:
Where'er he is, my prayer shall be
"Speak Lord, thy servant heareth thee."

THE INVALID BOY.

IN one of the small farming towns in New Hampshire, lived Mr. B., whose neat little homestead was made very happy by the active exertions of his pleasant wife, and industrious children.

Mr. B. was situated like many other farmers in the Granite State; his wealth consisted less in land and money than in able hands and willing hearts to make the best of all that had been bestowed upon them, and to exercise to the utmost the powers with which they had been blessed.

But at length disease entered a dwelling which had long been the abode of gladsome health.

Little John, a sprightly boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, was confined to a bed of sickness. His fond mother watched over him with untiring patience, his brothers and sisters came to his darkened room with countenances expressive of love and sorrow, and his father prayed that, if it were the will of God, this son might still be spared to him.

In time John began to recover, the weary pain left his limbs, and the fever passed from his veins. They let the bright sunshine enter his room, and the soft fresh breezes came to his pallid brow. All around him exerted themselves to make the long tedious hours of convalescence pass pleasantly away. They told him stories and sung to him songs, they tempted his appetite with choice fruits, and unusual dainties, and John bore his confinement with inconceivable patience. Days and weeks and months passed by, and the boy had not left his room, or even his

bed for any considerable length of time. The pain and distress of sickness had gone, but the glow of health had not come, and the strength and buoyancy of youth seemed to have departed to return no more. It was so. Those who were about him sorrowed and wondered, but the months lengthened into years, and year after year went by, and John was still an invalid. The active sports of childhood he never shared again; the pleasures of youth he never knew; the joys and labors and duties of manhood were not for him. Time lingered listlessly around him, bringing no bloom or buoyancy to his shrunken frame, till he marked, with his silvery signet, the dark locks of him who was neither child, nor youth, nor man. At length death came, and took the useless cumberer from those who had toiled and mourned for him, and through wearisome years watched over him.

When John B. found that he was about to die, he confided a secret to one who had been a playfellow in his boyhood, and who had never forgotten him in his years of trial. He told him that when his disease first left him, and he found himself recovering, surrounded by all those enjoyments which his friends had endeavored to concentrate in his sick room, the thought came to him that this was much pleasanter than to be entirely well and strong, and to be able and obliged to labor as his father and brothers were doing, and as he would be made to do, when he was able: so he concluded that he would pretend to be sick awhile longer, and thus evade the share of toil that would be meted out to him. Perhaps it seemed very pleasant at first to lie at ease upon the clean soft pillow, which his mother had arranged, while others were doing, not only his share of the labors of the farm, but also performing the extra toils which he occasioned.

"My father will make me work when I get well," said John to himself, "and I will not get well in a hurry : there will be corn to hoe, and potatoes to dig, and fruit to pick, and vegetables to take care of, and cattle to attend to, and wood to cut, but I will get rid of it all for this season at least."

John should have welcomed the health and strength which God sent him, after the sickness which must have taught him their value; he should have rejoiced that his limbs were to be strung anew, and fresh blood to dance through his veins. He should have been glad that vigor was coming, which might enable him to share the toils of those who had labored so kindly for him. But a heavy punishment followed the sin of ingratitude to God and man, and he, who turned his face so wickedly from the sweet spirit of health, was forbidden to look upon her again. In the long joyless years which followed, let us hope that there were strivings for a vigor of soul, which might enable him to commence a better life, when taken from earth, than the wasted years which were allotted him here.

This is no tale of fiction, I have seen the humble home, where more than thirty years were passed by John B. upon his bed. They have laid his body in the village burial ground, but, if a stone marks the spot, it bears no record of well-spent life, or worthy actions done. There is a sad and useful moral to be drawn from the story of his life, but my little readers need not that I should tell them what it is, and may it never be forgotten.

H. F.

ANECDOTE.

TAKEN FROM THE LEGEND OF THE PURITANS, BY SUSAN FISHER, OF ENGLAND.

THE nobility of Portugal, when following their king to the Brazils, rendezvoused for some days at Plymouth. A captain took lodgings at Plymouth, and had to attend him, two little negro slaves, to whom he was in the habit of behaving in the most cruel manner, frequently stripping them and scratching their backs very severely, with the point of a penknife. The landlord, compassionating the poor boys, protected them from his brutality, so long as they remained at his house. The fleet being ready to sail, the captain, with his victims, went on board; but at night the little negroes succeeded in making their escape to the shore, and hid themselves in a barn. Hand-bills were circulated, and large rewards offered for their apprehension, but nothing was heard of them, until one night, the landlord of the house where they formerly lodged, was surprised with a visit from one of them, who presented himself before him, trembling and nearly famished. He administered to their wants, and bade them continue in their hiding-place. A man going into the barn, discovered them, but confused by their sudden appearance, he suffered them to go to the landlord's, who refused to give them up. Their master appealed to the magistrates, who appointed a day for a hearing. The landlord went to the court, with his proteges clinging around him; and the result was, their informing the captain that his title to the slaves was forfeited; for, by the laws of England, the moment a slave treads the British shore, he is free.

The boys afterwards became a part of the establishment of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe; but they always retained the greatest affection for their generous protector, whom they used to style "Father."

Some time afterwards, the landlord died, and the boys attended his funeral. From that period, the youngest, whose name was Charles, was observed to droop; and though every thing was done to cheer him, it was of no avail. "My poor father dead!" the poor child used to say, "me die too;" and in a short time, he died of a broken heart.

Peace to thee, little stranger!
The storms of life are o'er;
Here rest secure from danger,
On Britain's sacred shore.
Yes, thou shalt make thy pillow,
Where lie the brave and free;
Thy master o'er the billow,
Is not so blest as thee.

AUNT MARIA'S SWALLOWS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

"Petit a petit,
L'oiseau fait son nid."

'Twas in the spring-time of the year,
The latter part of May,
When two small birds, with merry cheer,
Came to our house one day.

I watched them with a loving smile,
As they glanced in and out,
And in their busy, chirping style,
Went peering all about.

I knew that they would build a nest,
And joy it was to me,
That the place they liked the best,
Beneath our roof should be.

In the crotch of a shelt'ring beam,
They found a cozy spot,
And never before or since, I ween,
Chose birds a better lot.

The green boughs of a tall old tree
Gave them a pleasant shade,
While through an arch they well could see
Where sun and river played.

And here they came in sunny hours,
And here their nest they made,
Safe, as if hid in greenwood bowers,
For none their will gainsaid.

I think they *felt* a friendly sphere,
And *knew* we loved them dearly;
For they seemed to have no thought of fear,
And planned their household cheerly.

They fanned our faces with their wings,
And buzzed about my head,
Never were such familiar things,
In field or forest bred.

The father was a gentle bird,
Right gracefully he wooed,

And softer notes were never heard,
Then to his mate he cooed.

And when their clay-built nest she lined,
He'd go, in sunny weather,
And search and search, till he could find
Some little downy feather.

Then high would swell his loving breast,
He felt so very proud,
And he would sidle to the nest,
And call to her aloud.

And she would raise her glossy head,
And make a mighty stir,
To see if it were hair or thread,
That he had brought for her.

And she would take it from his bill,
With such an easy grace,
As courtly beauties sometimes will
Accept a veil of lace.

They did not know, the pretty things!
How beautiful they were!
Whether they moved with rapid wings,
Or floated on the air.

And yet they almost *seemed* to know
They had a winsome grace;
As if they *meant* to make a show,
They'd choose their resting-place.

On a suspended hoop they'd swing,
Swayed by the buoyant air,
Or perched on upright hoe, would sing
Songs of a loving pair.

Swiftly as rays of golden light,
They glanced forth to and fro,
So rapid, that the keenest sight
Could scarcely see them go.

The lover proved a husband kind —
Attentive to his mate;
He helped her when the nest was lined,
And never staid out late.

And while she hatched, with patient care,
He took his turn to brood,
That she might skim along the air,
To find her needful food.

He did it with an awkward hop,
And the eggs seemed like to break,
Just as some clumsy man would mop,
Or thread and needle take.

But there with patient love he sat,
And kept the eggs right warm,
And sharply watched for dog or cat,
Until his mate's return.

And when the young birds broke the shell,
He took a generous share
In her hourly task to feed them well,
With insects from the air.

But when they taught the brood to fly,
'Twas curious to see
How hard the parent birds would try,
And twitter coaxingly.

From beam to beam, from floor to nest,
With eager haste they flew,

They could not take a moment's rest,
They had so much to do.

For a long while they vainly strived,
Both male and female swallow —
In vain they soared, in vain they dived,
The young ones would not follow.

The little helpless, timid things
Looked up, and looked below,
And thought, before they tried their wings,
They'd take more time to grow.

The parents seemed, at last, to tire
Of their incessant labors,
And forth they went, to beg or hire
Assistance from their neighbors.

And soon they came, with rushing noise,
Some eight or ten, or more,
Much like a troop of merry boys,
Before the school-house door.

They flew about, and perched about,
In every sort of style,
And called aloud, with constant shout,
And watched the nest the while.

The little birds, they seemed half crazed,
So well they liked the fun,
Yet were the simple things amazed,
To see how it was done.

They gazed upon the playful flock
With eager, beaming eyes,
And tried their winged ways to mock,
And mock their twitt'ring cries.

3—NO. III.

They stretched themselves with many a shake,
And oft, before they flew,
Did they their feathery toilet make,
And with a great ado.

Three times the neighbors came that day,
To teach their simple rules,
According to the usual way,
In all the Flying Schools.

The perpendicular they taught,
And the graceful parallel,
And sure I am, the younglings ought
To learn their lessons well.

Down from the nest at last they dropped,
As if half dead with fear,
And round among the logs they hopped,
Their parents keeping near.

Then back again they feebly flew,
To rest from their great labors,
And twittered a polite adieu
To all their friendly neighbors.

Next day, they fluttered up and down :
One perched upon my cap ;
Another on the old loose gown,
In which I take my nap.

Each day they practiced many hours,
Till they mounted up so high,
I thought they would be caught in showers,
And never get home dry.

But when the sun sunk in the west,
My favorites would return,

And sit around their little nest,
Like figures on an urn.

And there they dropped away to sleep,
With heads beneath their wings;
I would have given much to keep
The precious little things.

But soon the nest became too small,
They grew so big and stout,
And when it would not hold them all,
They had some fallings out.

Three of the five, first went away,
To roost on the tall old tree;
But back and forth they came all day,
Their sister-kins to see.

My heart was sad to find one night,
That none came back to me;
I saw them, by the dim twilight,
Flock to the tall old tree.

But still they often met together,
Near that little clay-built nest;
'Twas in the rainiest weather
They seemed to like it best.

Yet often, when the sun was clear,
They'd leave their winged troops,
Again to visit scenes so dear,
And swing upon the hoops.

Just as when human beings roam,
The busy, absent brother
Loves to re-visit his old home,
Where lived his darling mother.

THE CATERPILLAR'S NEST.

Months passed away, and still they came,
When stars began to rise,
And flew around our window pane,
To catch the sleepy flies.

Into our supper-room they flew,
And circled round my head ;
For well the pretty creatures knew
They had no cause for dread.

But winter comes, and they are gone
After the Southern sun,
And left their human friends alone,
To wish that spring would come.

Northampton, January 1, 1841.

THE CATERPILLAR'S NEST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HENRIETTA was taking a walk in the country, with her mother, one evening, when her mother had told her at these times, to observe carefully every thing around her ; she did so at this time.

All at once she stopped, and cried out, "Mother! Mother! come here quickly, and see!" There was a nettle-bush, which was entirely covered with caterpillars : very ugly, black creatures, with spires on their backs, and green stripes between the spires. "Shall I brush them off?" asked Henrietta. "No ;" said her mother ; "for, as you see, they live on nettles, and are not, therefore, injurious. If they were on a cherry tree, or any

other useful plant, you might then destroy them, as hurtful animals. Listen, I will tell you how you can procure a great pleasure to yourself, with these little creatures. Take them home and feed them."

"Ah! so I will," said Henrietta, and eagerly stretched forth her hand, but immediately drew it back, screaming: for she had forgotten that nettles sting.

"Can you not break off the nettle, without its stinging you?" asked her mother. Henrietta now recollected herself, took her handkerchief out of her pocket, wound it round her hand, and then broke off the nettle carefully. She joyfully carried home the caterpillars, put them with the nettles, into a large glass which her mother gave her for the purpose, and bound a paper over it. "But do you intend that the caterpillars should be stifled?" asked her mother. "No; certainly not," answered Henrietta. "Then you must pierce little holes in the paper, so that fresh air may get into the glass." Henrietta did this, and took pleasure in observing how the caterpillars devoured one leaf after another.

The next day, when Henrietta was eating her breakfast, her mother said to her, "Have you thought of your caterpillars, too, and given them their breakfast?"

"Oh!" said Henrietta, "the caterpillars have still their whole glass full of nettles."

"But see," said her mother, "whether they are not quite dried up? The poor creatures cannot eat dry nettles. Since you have invited these guests, it is your duty also to supply them every day, with fresh nettles, and thus to nourish them; for they can no longer get their own food, since you have deprived them of their liberty." Henrietta attended to this afterwards, and did not forget

her little guests again. She had now brought to them, for five days, regular and abundant supplies; and observed, much to her amusement, how fast they devoured them. On the sixth day, she was going to carry them food again, but, oh, strange! When she was going to take away the paper, the caterpillars were all hanging from it. They adhered as firmly with their hinder feet, partly to the glass, and partly to the paper, as if they had been glued to them. Henrietta quickly ran to her mother, and showed her the suspended caterpillars. She inquired anxiously of her, what was the matter with them? "I have fed them carefully every day, and now they are going to die in my hands!"

"Fear not," answered her mother, "they will not die; on the contrary, they will still afford you great pleasure. Only let them hang undisturbed." Henrietta did so, and closed the glass again, carefully. Hardly had she got out of her bed, the next day, when she ran to the glass, and behold! there was still something new to be seen there. The caterpillars had vanished; and now there were hanging from the glass only long roundish cocoons, with a little crown on their heads. They were alive, and moving this way and that. Henrietta stared open her eyes, clasped her hands, and did not know what to say to all this. At last she cried out: "Mother! mother! come quick, and see what my caterpillars have grown into."

"Did not I tell you," said her mother, "that the caterpillars would yet give you much pleasure? Observe them now, carefully; they have stripped off their skins, which you see hanging here, and have changed themselves into things which are called chrysalids. Only let them hang quietly, and look at the glass every day. Probably, you

will soon see something, which will please you very much." It happened just so; only it was too long a time for the impatient Henrietta, and she already had almost given up all hope. But now, after a few weeks had passed, Henrietta looked again at her glass. And what did she see? The whole glass was full of beautiful, gay butterflies. "Ah! look again, dearest mother," cried she, "see what is in my glass!" Her mother came to her, smiling, and as they were both looking steadily, they saw a new wonder. A butterfly, that was hidden in a chrysalis, broke asunder the enclosure, with his delicate little feet, and crept out. His wings were quite small, and rolled up, like a piece of paper. He ran quickly up the glass, and attached himself to the paper. The wings grew almost visibly, and after a quarter of an hour, it hung there quite perfect. It went on in this way the whole forenoon. One butterfly kept coming out after another, from its chrysalis. After dinner they had all crept out. "Now you can have still another pleasure," said the mother; "Take the glass, carry it into the garden, open it, and let the butterflies fly away."

Henrietta did this, and was inexpressibly delighted when she saw how the butterflies hovered about, and flew from tree to tree. Whenever she was walking in the garden, after this, and saw a brown butterfly with black spots, she was always delighted. You certainly came from my glass! thought she.

Consider no duty too great, and none too small.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

It is often said, that the true object of a religious teacher is to touch the soul of the child, and to awaken its religious nature. This is unquestionably true, so far as it goes. But the fact that the child is an immortal spirit, and has a religious nature, is but one fact, and not the only one which it should be taught. The Catholic and the Mahometan have, to a great extent, the sentiment of reverence and worship; or in other words, the religious nature, in full, and often in beautiful activity; but this is not enough to bring out in their daily lives the true worship, the beauty of holiness, in its highest manifestations; and for the reason that they have not sufficient knowledge of God, of Duty, and Accountability.

There are two considerations which the religious teacher should never forget. The *first* is, that the spiritual nature of the child is not the first, in the order of its developement. The *second* is, not that *one* fact, but that the whole class of facts, connected with the great subject of religion, should be communicated early to the child, so that while its religious nature is in the process of developement, it may have in its possession all the materials which are necessary to a right understanding, and a true improvement of the subject.

In regard to the *first* consideration, let me say, that all observation confirms the fact that the child is so constituted by Infinite Wisdom, that it is led first of all, to observe and study the outward rather than the inward. The material — the sensible, — that which lies without it — that which more immediately connects it with its present

life, is that which first engrosses the most, if not the whole of its being. It is exceedingly difficult, in the earlier stages of its existence, to make it thoughtful, reflective, spiritual. It has no power over the abstract. Observation, activity, imitation, the acquisition and use of words, to convey its simplest wants and feelings, with some indications of fancy, and of the ideal world, are the elements of its nature which are first unfolded and displayed. The child is regarded, both by nature and by revelation, rather as a subject of instruction and training, than as a moral and accountable being. Its habits are to be formed, and its mind trained and taught by others, in advance of those later developements which are to make it a truly self-directing and spiritual being. These habits may, and they should be, formed in the direction of obedience, virtue, love, goodness, reverence, religion. The child may and should be, faithfully and carefully instructed, so as to aid its religious growth, and awaken at the earliest moment, and stimulate to proper activity its spiritual nature. But if we regard the child at the first, as capable of discerning between right and wrong, and neglect to educate its conscience, and its mind, — if we endeavor at the outset to awaken that within it which it was not intended should be first, but latest, we shall do more harm than good, and delay, if not prevent, the acquisition of those general but important facts and principles, which, at a later period, will be of such inappreciable value to its highest well-being and happiness.

In regard to the *second* consideration, in what way can we reach the soul of a child, and best awaken its religious nature ?

It will be admitted, we presume, by all, that there is no

other way, but through the *mind*. It is the mind, with all its wonderful faculties, that is to be addressed. It is the only avenue by which we can reach the human soul, wake up the religious sentiment, or excite its moral and spiritual sensibilities. Sometimes, and often, the appeal is to the Memory. Sometimes to the Imagination. Sometimes to the Conscience. Sometimes, and most frequently, it is through the understanding, or the Reason. But whether to the one or the other, before it can be successfully done, it must have been prepared for the appeal. The fact that there is a God must have been in *some way* communicated to the mind, before you can even begin to converse with it on the subject of religion. The fact that He is Love, that he is Infinitely Good, must have been garnered up from some source, before you can appeal to its gratitude and affection. The knowledge of his Almighty Wisdom and Power, must have been acquired before you can draw upon it for its admiration, reverence, and worship. In the same way, and for the same reason, the beneficent mission of Jesus, his authority to teach the great truths, moral and spiritual, which he revealed, and his glorious resurrection, must all have been taught in some form, by some teacher, before it can know why it should love and imitate his beautiful and perfect example. The communication of these resplendent truths and principles, in all their fullness and freshness, is the great duty of the Sunday School Teacher, and is the only proper foundation by which the religious nature of the child can be successfully reached, or fully awakened. The doctrine of immortality is one of the most sublime of these truths, and should often be presented and dwelt upon. It offers one of the strongest motives

for a good life, for obedience to the will of God, and is one of the best supports, under all the trials, temptations, and afflictions of life. But it should be remembered, that it is only one; and while this should not be neglected, the many others that sparkle on the page of Revelation should be equally imparted, impressed, and applied to daily life.

The best method of communicating these facts and truths to the child, or the best methods of teaching, is another question of great value, and may make the subject of another communication.

HAVEN.

WORK.

I HAVE seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously, in some useful labor. Beneath them to work? why, work is the great motto of life—and he who accomplishes the most by his industry, is the most truly great man. Aye, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too. And the woman or man who so far forgets his duty to himself, his fellow creatures, and his God,—who so far forgets the great business of life, as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die; for, says Holy Writ, “He that will not work, neither shall he eat. An idler is a cumberer of the ground; a weariness and curse to himself, as well as to those around him.” Beneath a human being to work? Why, what but the continued industry that brings forth the improvement that never allows man to be contented with any

attainment he may have made, or any work he may have effected — what but this raises man above the brute creation, and, under providence, surrounds him with comforts, luxuries, refinements, and physical, moral, and intellectual blessings.

The great Orator, the great Poet, and the great Scholar, are great working-men. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of any handicraftsman. And the student's life has more anxiety and wearisome toil than that of any other man. And without the perseverance, the attention of real industry, he never can succeed. Hence the number of mere pretenders to scholarship, of those that have not the strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half-way, and are mere smatterers, a shame to the profession. Beneath human beings to work? Look in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where the genius of immortality stands ready to seal his works with her uneffaceable signet, and then you will see Industry standing by her side. Beneath human beings to work? Why, I had rather a child of mine should labor regularly, at the lowest and meanest employment, than waste its time, its body, mind and soul, in folly, idleness, and uselessness. Better to wear out in a year, than rust out in a century. Beneath human beings to work? What but *work* has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls? *Work* out your own salvation, says the inspired apostle, to the Gentiles.

J. R.